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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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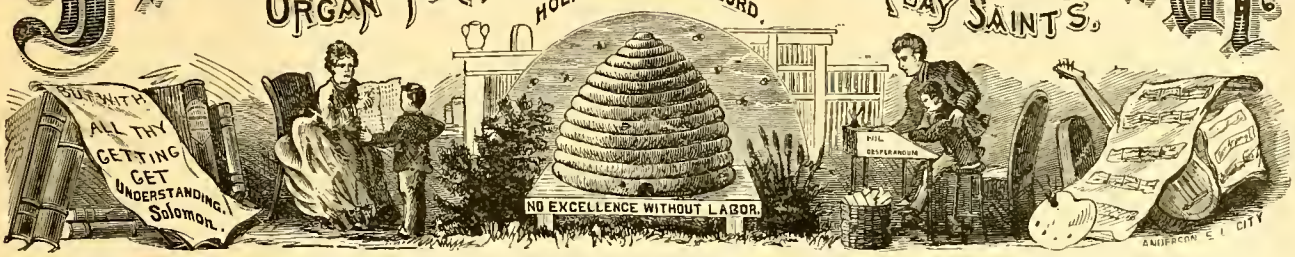

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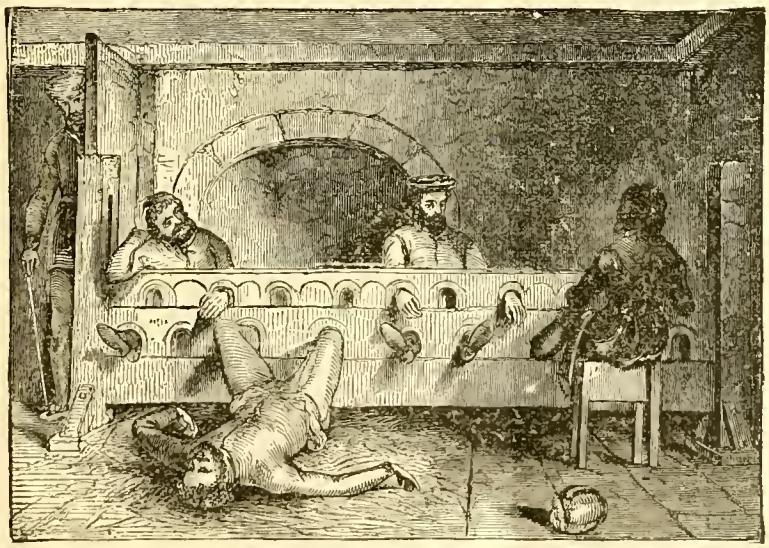
THE STOCKS.

THE picture here shown is not at all pleasing to look upon. It almost makes one shudder to view such a horrifying spectacle, while it forcibly reminds us of the severe bodily punishments inflicted upon criminals in times gone by.

In past years it was a common practice in England to place persons guilty of small offenses in the stocks. These, as you can see by the picture, consisted simply of two boards placed on edge one above the other, with holes cut in them for the reception of the offender's feet, and in some cases his hands as well. When the two pieces were brought together and fastened around the ankles or wrists of the prisoner, he was unable to withdraw his hands or feet, but had to remain until released by those who had him in charge. One can easily imagine how tiresome and painful it would be to undergo such a punishment. To make it more humiliating to those sentenced to be thus chastised, the stocks were sometimes placed upon public roads, where their victims could be witnessed by the people as they passed by.



Since the days when such instruments of torture were used, wonderful changes have taken place in the midst of civilized countries. The stocks, the rack, the thumbscrews, and the many other contrivances for the infliction of bodily pain, are no more in use. During the past century the most astonishing events in connection with human affairs have transpired. An advancement has been made in the arts of civilization such, probably, as has never before been known. The age in which we live is one of rapid progression. Many old and erroneous ideas are giving way to new and more correct ones. The most remarkable improvements in mechanical inventions are being made.

But in regard to moral and humane principles the world has not kept pace with its progress in other directions. In fact there is but very little if any improvement going on. It is true that the masses of the people are enjoying a greater amount of freedom than they did formerly. Yet there are many now living who, if they had the power, would rule as despotically, and would pay as little respect to the rights of mankind, as any tyrant of by-gone ages.

We often hear men boast of the spiritual enlightenment, the religious freedom and the equality of all men before the law, in the present age; and when contrasted with former ages it is represented as noonday brightness to midnight darkness. But with all their professed intelligence the world of mankind are to-day almost if not equally as ignorant of ethics as they were hundreds of years ago. Their religious ideas are quite as absurd; their morals are as corrupt; and their philosophy, if not so unreasonable, is just as uncertain and unreliable. Their conceptions of right and wrong and their duty to each other, judging by their conduct, are as incorrect. History shows this to be the fact. For an example, the Puritans, who were so hated and persecuted in England and other parts of Europe, when they came to America, were free from the attacks of their enemies, and rejoiced to have the privilege of worshiping as they chose without being molested. It might be thought that such a people, after suffering as they did for the sake of their belief, would be willing to allow all others the freedom of conscience which they sacrificed so much for. This, however, was not the case. As soon as they gained power they were as zealous in persecuting the Quakers as any of the

people of Europe were in persecuting them. A little over a century ago the people of this country were suffering from the impositions of the mother country—England. And when they could no longer bear the indignities heaped upon them they rose up with a determination to free themselves from their oppressors. By a severe struggle they gained their independence, and declared that henceforth this land should be one of freedom. They promised "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as the right and privilege of every one who should dwell here, regardless of nationality, color or creed. For a time this promise was realized. But soon the nation began to be corrupted; the new generations that sprang up began to depart from the principles their fathers so much loved. Even before all those who had fought for the freedom of their country had passed away, the object for which they bled was beginning to be depreciated and trampled upon. As early as the year 1830, when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was first organized, a spirit of religious intolerance raged. From that time to the present the feeling has spread and increased, until the whole country is filled with indignation towards the Saints. The government itself has taken it in hand to try and put down the system of religion practiced by this people. All sects, no matter how bitter were the feelings they entertained towards each other formerly, unite to persecute the small number of religious worshipers inhabiting this secluded region.

The rule which says "might is right," though not acknowledged in theory, is universal in practice. The strong always prey upon the weak. And notwithstanding the lessons of past history, mankind have not yet learned to put in practice the admonition of the Savior: to "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

During the ages which have elapsed since the Savior's advent upon the earth the improvement in the moral status of mankind has been imperceptible. The same spirit that actuated men to put Him and His followers to death nearly two thousand years ago is influencing men to commit similar acts to-day. Many of those who now profess to be followers of Christ, and who so fervently express the wish that they had lived in the day when He was upon the earth, would crucify Him if the opportunity was presented. Men who so severely denounce those who instituted the inquisition, and those who had men and women burned at the stake for the sake of conscience, if they held the power, would to-day, with all their enlightenment, inflict as severe punishment upon those who differ from them in their religious convictions.

The liberty, the enlightenment and the progress of modern times can only be attributed to the overrulings of our Heavenly Father, and not to the supposed superiority of the present generation. To bring about His purposes, the Lord has seen fit to endow individuals at different times with power to accomplish certain objects.

For a people to become more pure in their lives it is necessary that they should be in possession of the true gospel, and to receive inspiration to guide them. It is the lack of revelation that has kept the world for so long a time in the degraded moral condition it is in. Virtue and morality are godly principles, and one must have the Spirit of the Lord in order to fully understand and appreciate their worth.

POOR and content is rich, and rich enough.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

JESUS, our Lord, had been in the sepulchre two days, or His body had been there, but His spirit had been to paradise, preaching to those who had never heard the gospel, and who were anxious to be set free from their prison house. These spirits were in the place where the spirit of the thief went who was killed at the same time that Jesus was crucified. Jesus taught them how to be saved, and opened their prison doors, showing His love and mercy to them, just as He had to all who would believe here on the earth.

Now the wicked men who had put Jesus to death went to Pilate, saying, "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, After three days I will rise again." So Pilate sent some men to watch where Jesus was laid, that no one should remove the body.

Very early on the morning of the third day after Jesus was crucified, there was an earthquake, and an angel came from heaven and rolled the stone away, and these wicked men who were sent to watch shook, and became as dead men. They were so frightened when they saw the angel, for he sat upon the great stone that had sealed up the door of the sepulchre.

Then came Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus, to the burial place of Jesus, bringing spices and ointment, for these good women loved Jesus and mourned over His death; and they wondered how the great stone could be got away. But when they reached the sepulchre they found the stone was already removed from the door; and stooping down they saw two angels, in shining garments, one sitting at the head and the other at the foot of the place where Jesus had been laid. They were afraid and began to weep; but the angel said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Then they went and told His disciples what had happened. But they would not believe them.

In the evening of the same day the disciples were together, except Thomas, and they shut the door for fear the Jews would see them. While they were thus assembled Jesus came and stood in their midst, saying, "Peace be unto you." Then He showed the prints of the nails in His hands and feet and the scar in His side, and their hearts were glad, for they knew it was indeed their risen Lord.

Jesus then commissioned His disciples, saying, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Then He breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."

Eight days after, His disciples were again assembled as before, when Jesus suddenly stood among them, for He had power to appear and disappear as He saw fit. He told them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and added that "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Once more did Jesus visit His disciples as they were fishing. He came and stood on the shore; and when, through the power Jesus had, they caught a great many fish, He ate some bread and fish with them. Turning to Peter, He said, "Lovest thou me?" Peter answered, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." These words He repeated three times: for He wanted him to be faithful in teaching the people the truth, and to feed their spirits with the bread of life.

There are many things that Jesus said and did that are great and wonderful. All can read the word of God as it is written by the disciples of Jesus—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; but when reading, seek for the Holy Spirit to rest upon you, that you may understand and be blest with a testimony of our Lord and Savior's pure life and holy mission. And as He went to heaven before the astonished eyes of His disciples, so will He come from heaven in great power and glory to rule over all the earth.

QUESTIONS.

1.—How many days did Jesus' body lie in the tomb?
2.—Who rolled the stone away from the door of the sepulchre?
3.—What did the wicked men do when they saw the angel who rolled the stone away?
4.—What did the women see who came to visit the tomb of their Lord.
5.—What did the angel tell them to do?
6.—How did Jesus first appear to His disciples?
7.—What proof did Jesus give them that He was their crucified Redeemer?
8.—What did Jesus bestow upon His disciples?
9.—Repeat the instructions He gave to His disciples when He appeared the second time among them.
10.—What did Jesus tell Peter to do when He visited His disciples on the sea shore?
11.—Who are the disciples that have written the life of Christ?
12.—What should we seek for when we read the life of Jesus?
13.—Who saw Jesus ascend up to heaven?
14.—How will Jesus come when He descends to earth again?

SCOTT'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was noted at school for his quickness and memory rather than for his diligence. Writing, later in life, of his school-days, he characterized himself as an incorrigibly idle lad, who was always longing to do something else than what he was ordered to do.

A ballad was more attractive to the bright boy than the Latin grammer, and he took more kindly to the stories of profane and sacred history than to the rules of arithmetic. He read longingly, history, poetry, voyages and romances, but had to be pushed to the study of his text-books.

And yet his master, a noted classical scholar, declared that, though many of the pupils understood the Latin better, "Gualterus Scott was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning."

Sometimes, thanks to his accurate memory, he would astonish the master with some brilliant and unexpected reply. One day, a dunce being asked what part of speech is *with*, replied, "*A substantive.*"

The master turning to the leader of the class, asked, "Is *with* ever a substantive?"

He was silent, and the question passed unanswered until it reached Scott, then near the foot of the class. Instantly he quoted this passage from the book of Judges: "And Samson said to Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withes* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man."

Young Scott's diligence in reading and slothfulness in study made him unusually well-informed for a boy of twelve. But as he read without system, the information was ill arranged.

"I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford," he wrote in after life, "without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, or to so little purpose."

When Scott was forty years old, and had become distinguished as a poet and novelist, he thus wrote, as a warning to youth against the formation of the habit of desultory reading:

"Through every part of my literary career, I have felt myself hampered and pinched by my own ignorance. I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

ROSS ELDREDGE.

ROSS ELDREDGE gathered up his books reluctantly. The morning sunshine streamed into the pretty little room, where his invalid mother busied herself in her slow, quiet way with the breakfast things.

"I do believe I just hate school!" he muttered to himself, "and it's arithmetic to-day." The strap to which his books were fastened was at last adjusted to his satisfaction.

"Don't touch my things, Elsie," he said, looking over to where his little six-year-old sister sat, dressing her doll. How sweet and bright her little face was as she turned towards him! What made his gaze linger so on blue eyes, golden curls, and her round, rosy cheeks?

"Happy Elsie!" he sighed, "her troubles have not begun; she don't have to go to school."

"Ross," said his mother, in her soft tones, "you know it's the 29th. Don't stop a moment after school, no matter what the boys want."

"Yes, mother," was the answer; but the usually open brow was clouded now, as he muttered, "I wish there was no such place as school!" and left the cottage, with one parting glance at little Elsie. A moment after, he heard the sound of pattering feet, and a sweet little voice cried—

"I didn't kiss you."

"So you didn't, birdie," he said, stooping and kissing her. Then he watched her as she went back, thinking what a pretty little thing she was.

The school-room was hot; the day outside, delicious. He could see the branches waving, the birds flitting, the gold and dun of the long meadow-stretches. How hard it was to turn his eyes to those dull columns, his thoughts to study! It was much easier to sit and think of the bracket he was carving at home, and which he intended to sell at the fancy-store in town. In devising new patterns he forgot his lesson, and in time the ominous words fell on his ear—

"Ross Eldredge, you will remain after school."

He threw himself back in his seat, thoroughly out of temper. He hated the master, the school, and himself, and he glared at the unfortunate lesson. Sullenly he sat there, and confusedly thought of the rule for division.

"I can't get it, and I won't try," he muttered, defiantly. "It's too bad of old Marsten to keep me, and here it is the 29th, and mother depended upon me. I wonder if I told him *that*, it would make any difference. No, it's no use," he added, casting a glance at the determined face bending over a pile of rude manuscript. "He has no pity in his soul. He don't know how boys feel."

Not far away, separated only by a low stone fence, the boys were playing their favorite game of ball. Their shouts and laughter made him warmer and angrier. Suddenly his master looked up.

"Eldredge," he said, sharply, "can you not find better employment for your pencil than drumming on your slate? Do you know what time it is?"

Ross looked at the clock, sighed, thought of his mother, and went to his task in earnest. Ten minutes later the problem was worked out; he had the right answer.

"You see what application and perseverance have done," Mr. Marsten said, gravely, as he handed back the slate. "We have both lost a half hour of sunshine and fresh air, by your yielding to difficulties, and your propensity to put off doing what you know must be done sooner or later. Every time you give way to this disposition, you forfeit your self-respect, and lose the ability to work, even when you have the inclination. Above all, remember that in every sin of selfishness, someone else suffers as well as yourself."

Ross hung his head, not wholly convinced, perhaps, but a little ashamed. He passed rapidly by the ball-players, for his mother's voice seemed sounding in his ear. It was not long before he ran, almost breathless, into the sunny little room. His mother stood at the window, anxiously looking out, as if watching for him. She turned towards him with the exclamation—

"O, Ross!" and then looked at the clock.

"The lesson was so hard—and I missed—and had to stay after school. Old Marsten is so particular"—

"It can't be helped now. Your dinner is ready," she said.

"But I'm going over to Marks', mother."

"It is too late, my son. I sent Elsie ten minutes ago."

"Elsie! Why, mother, she never can find it—little Elsie!"

"Yes, she knows where it is. She has been there once before, when you were sick."

"Then I'm off after her. Why couldn't you wait just a few minutes, mother?"

"Because I heard that Mr. Marks was going away. I am in arrears with the money I owe on the house. The man who holds the note has sent me a threatening letter. I did not want to trouble you about it. I knew that if Mr. Marks got my note he would pay me something over the quarterly instalment, and we could make it up some way."

"If I had only learned that lesson!" thought Ross, as he set his teeth hard, pulled his cap over his eye-brows, and set off to guard Elsie. "The dear little brave creature, so tiny! so delicate! Suppose she should be crossing one of those wide streets, and"— He turned away from the uncomfortable picture, quickened his steps, and met Mr. Marks, who paid his mother her widow's pension, just coming down the steps, valise in hand.

"Yes, I gave your sister the money," he said, in answer to Ross' question. "My boy was gone, or I should have sent it by him. Your sister is entirely too young to be trusted on the streets. She's a bright little thing."

He sprang into the waiting carriage, and Ross moved away.

Strange he had not met little Elsie. She might have turned down the wrong street; somebody had stolen the money, perhaps, and her too. On towards home he went. Somehow he had missed her; she must be home.

He did not see the crowd that had gathered in a by street; did not hear the confused murmurs and cries of pity. Happily he was spared that terrible first sight.

He burst open the cottage door. "Has she come?" he asked, breathlessly, disappointed that his first glance did not rest upon the little dimpled face.

"No, dear. Where can she be gone all this time?"

"She had the money. I saw Mr. Marks myself; he told me."

"Strange! Could she have got lost? Did you look about for her?"

"Yes. She may have gone round by the Common; she talks about it so much, you know, I'll try again."

His hand was on the latch, when his mother touched his arm.

"Eat a little first, Ross, if it's only a mouthful. You didn't take lunch to-day, remember. Yes, I insist upon it. You are not strong yet, and I can't have you sick again."

Ross stared at the table, anxious, yet finding himself hungry. He felt dispirited, frightened, and ashamed. The

words of the master echoed in the air, "Remember, above all, that in every sin of selfishness someone else suffers as well as yourself."

His mother was silent. She always was when she felt deeply. He wished she would only find fault with him. His dinner over, he went to where she sat, pallid and suffering.

"I'm so sorry, mother!"—something choked him. "It's all my fault. I didn't want to go to school; I did't want to study when I got there; and now—I'm going after Elsie." A sob ended the words. The patient face of his mother as she sat there, holding her long-used crutch in one hand, the desolation of the room without Elsie, were too much for him.

The dear mother, she had not gone over the threshold for two long years, and it seemed to him he had never realized before how hard it must be to be bounded by the same four walls, day after day.

He remembered, too, how often he had wounded her with his rude words and quick temper; how he had hated going on errands or doing anything that interfered with his own selfish needs. How glad the mother would be if she were well and strong; and how little she complained!

Never before had he realized that upon some small act of heedlessness may hinge the misery and suffering of years, as he did while he waited and trembled, fearful for Elsie, and struggling to keep back his tears.

"I'll fetch her, mother," he said, putting on his cap, but meanwhile, with a tramp slow and measured, a little crowd was coming up the street; boys whose eager faces bore an impress of childish curiosity, girls who spoke to each other in whispers, and looked fearfully ahead at the burden carried by stout arms.

It met Ross at the door, and caused him to fall back against the frame like a stone. Was that the face of pretty Elsie, all striped with yellow plaster, all white and corpse-like?

"O, mother! mother! Elsie is dead, and I have killed her!" he screamed, and rushed into the house, and fell at his mother's feet, burying his face in her lap.

"Don't worry, madam. The little one is not dead." said one of the men, as they bore the child to the lounge from which Mrs. Eldredge strove to rise, but could not, for she was faint with the agony of this last most bitter trial.

"The child tried her best. I was standing in my shop door, and saw her run from the other side. She'd have done it, too, if she hadn't stumbled; but when she came down, there was no use. The worst hurts are about the face and head, but we hope they are not serious, madam."

"Hope! O, little Elsie! darling little sister!" sobbed poor Ross. "I loved you so, and yet I have killed you."

"Hush, my boy!" said his mother, gently. "It won't help Elsie any if you mourn in this way. You must nurse her, and show your sorrow by your devotion to her and your care for me."

The men had gone, saying that as the wounds were dressed, the doctor would not come till evening. Scarcely had they left the house when a tall, sinister-looking man came up the garden-path. Mrs. Eldredge saw him and hastened to the door.

"I have come for that money on that note," he said.

"It will be impossible for me to make the payment to-day," was her answer.

"I must have the money or take measures to get it," was the gruff response.

She threw open the door, disclosing the ghastly, bandaged face, like the face of a corpse, and the sobbing boy kneeling by the side of his little senseless sister.

"I sent that child for the money, sir, a child unused to the streets, so eager was I to be ready for you to-day. There she lies, and only God can tell whether she will ever rise from that couch again. She did get the money, but when she was knocked down it was lost in the confusion. If it is found, you shall have it; but I beg you not to turn me with my poor little wounded child out of the house, the only shelter we have."

The man shook his head. The faces of his own little ones, it may be, appealed to him, and he left the place with the comforting assurance that the poor widow should have all the time she wanted.

As for Ross, poor, guilty, conscience-smitten Ross, his wish had been suddenly granted him, in a manner as signal as it was terrible. In the morning he had said, rashly, that he hated school; in the evening he found himself obliged, young as he was, to put his shoulder to the plough.

No more troublesome arithmetic, no more leisure games with boys. By one seemingly trival neglect of duty, the whole current of his life was changed.

Little Elsie lived, but it was a hard struggle for life. For weeks there was little hope, and it was months before she was able to run about the cottage like the little sunbeam of old.

Poor Ross! many a time he sighed for the pleasant school-days past. When his teacher called upon him at the store where he served early and late, he had the satisfaction of learning that his former pupil had not forgotten the lesson of that eventful day, which was something harder than even compound fractions. And his experience of the truth that his neglect of the simplest duties would cause others to suffer, saved Ross Eldredge, it is hoped, from needless trouble during his future life. *Selected.*

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

THE year 1848 was an eventful one for the dukedoms, Schleswig and Holstein. The king of Denmark issued an open letter declaring Schleswig to be his province and thus deprived it of all former rights and privileges. To this Schleswig objected, and as the two dukedoms had always shared their fortunes together, Holstein stood by the side of her sister and they declared their independence.

A provisional government was soon established, and as Denmark was mustering her forces to suppress the insurrection, an army was organized and thrown to the front. All this was the work of a few weeks.

The spirit of liberty was burning in the hearts of all. Old and young volunteered to defend their country. The workshops were deserted, the plow left standing in the field and the counting rooms were emptied. All gathered their guns and weapons of war and rallied around the standard and "*Schleswig. Holstein stammverwandt Wanke nicht, mein Vaterland*" was the watch-word.

Under these existing circumstances, although only seventeen years old, I also caught the spirit of the times—"to bleed for my country." Being bound as an apprentice to the milling business, I made my wishes known to my employer, to which he objected, and I think now, justly, although at the time it seemed cruel and very unpatriotic. Every journeyman had left and only three apprentices remained, I being the oldest and the most efficient at the time.

For a few days I tried to be contented, but I could not. Reports of victories and defeats came daily. This was too much for my youthful imaginations, and so one bright night, I "skipped by the light of the moon," and in a few days found myself walking in the streets of Schleswig in the uniform of a sharpshooter, proud as a peacock.

A few weeks of tiresome drilling as a recruit fitted me to join the ranks of the regiment then on the van guard facing the enemy.

I should now soon be initiated into the realities of a soldier's life in time of war. Standing picket guard is a different thing from walking up and down in front of the general's quarters in a garrison. Our outposts were within gunshot of the enemy and in order to be safe, pits were dug in the ground deep enough to protect the whole body, except the head. These pits were frequently filled with water and mud to the depth of a foot or more, from rain, and at night time one was obliged to keep up a constant moving of the feet to prevent them from freezing fast in the mud. Every sound would startle a person, thinking perchance the enemy's scouts were approaching to capture a guard. I remember one dark night when on double picket at the edge of a grove of timber not over half a mile from the enemy's camp, we noticed something moving in the underbrush. At times the object disappeared, then again we would plainly hear the cracking of the dry wood, and also hear the steps of someone walking. You can imagine our feelings, (up to this time I had not tasted powder,) expecting every moment to hear the discharge of a gun that would end our mortal career. Finally the object came in sight more plainly. All that darkness permitted us to see was a something black. My partner had instructed me to be ready with my rifle and fire as soon as he had. He called the person three times to halt, and received no answer. My heart was creeping up towards my throat as the words "halt! who is there?" in a clear and firm voice came from his lips, for he was an old soldier. But there was no answer nor moving of the object. Again he called and again no answer. Now for the last time, (I was nearly choked,) no answer. Bang! went my gun and in a moment the air was rent with the most pitiable and agonizing groans of a dying calf.

Our suspense was over, and my heart returned again to its proper place. During those few moments of agony I thought of almost everything, and wished myself back to my good old employer and the comfortable bed in the dear old mill.

In my next I will endeavor to give some of my experiences as a scout, and also my feelings previous to my first engagement in battle.

(To be continued.)

An Indomitable Will.—A resolute will can master circumstances, and make even difficulties contribute to success. Many illustrations of this have occurred. Dr. Lange, of the University of Bonn, the famous commentator of the Bible, was born and brought up under influences wholly adverse to scholarship. He was the son of a poor peasant, a coal-driver at Elberfeld. To add to the small income of the family, he was made an errand-boy and a carrier of milk. But there was a fire in his bones which would not be quenched, and drove him to a life of study. He borrowed books and plunged without a pilot into the mysteries of Latin and Greek. Having entered the Gymnasium at Duisburg, he took rank at once among the best pupils of the school. He was subsequently appointed to a professorship, and now holds rank among the first scholars in Germany.

MEN'S NAMES.

THE study of men's names is interesting, as it shows they all had their origin in some fitting fact. Here are some of the facts which gave birth to the more common names now in use:

Many English surnames express the county, estate or residence of their original bearers; as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from Flanders; Gaskin and Gascoyne, from Gascony; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh and Wallis, from Wales; Coombs, Compton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England.

The prefix atte or at, softened to a or an, has helped to form a number of names. Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attemoor or Atmoor, if near a gate, Attegate or Agate. John atte the Oaks was in due time shortened into John Noaks; Peter at the Seven Oaks into Peter Snooks.

In old English, applegarth meant orchard; whence Applegate and Appleton; chase, a forest; clive, a cliff; clough, a ravine, cobb, a harbor; whence these names.

The root of the ubiquitous smith is the Anglo-Saxon smitan, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and smiters or strikers in general.

Baker, Taylor, Butler, Coleman (coal-man), Draper, Cowper (cooper), Cutler, Miller, and the rest plainly denote occupations.

Lorimer is a maker of spurs and bridle-bits; Arkwright, a maker of chests; Lander, contracted from lavandier, a washerman; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, a huckster; Wait, a minstrel; Crocker, a potter.

Such names as Baxter and Bagster are the feminine of baker; Webster of webber or weaver, which shows that these trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for some time kept the feminine names.

Steward, Stewart or Stuart, Abbott, Knight, Lord, Bishop, Prior, Chamberlain, Falconer, Leggett (legate), either signified what the persons so styled were, or they were given them in jest or derision, like the names King, Prince and Pope.

The termination ward indicates a keeper, as Durward, doorkeeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward forest keeper.

Read, Reed, or Reid is an old form of spelling red, and was bestowed, as White, Brown and Black were, to denote the color worn, or the complexion had.

Hogarth, from the Dutch, means generous, high-natured; Rush is subtle; Bowne, ready; Bonner, kind, gracios; Eldridge, wild, ghastly.

Many Welsh names naturalized in English are from personal traits, as More, great; Duff, black; Vaughan, little; Lane, slender; Mole, bald; Gough, red.

Surnames now apparently meaningless had meaning in old English and provincial dialects. Brock, for instance, signifies badger; Talbot, mastiff; Todd, fox; Culver, pigeon; Henshaw, young heron; Coke, Cook.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.

PRETTY MAY ALGER.

I AM very systematic—some people say "too set;" but I do not find I am too much so for my own comfort. My niece Hetty says this is a pick-up-and-put-away-house, when she comes to visit me. Yes, and the enforcement of that rule is what gives me so much leisure.

And then only once a week do I task my strength to whip eggs, and take time to mix in due confusion all the elements of richness that constitute plum-pudding. Once a week only I make a loaf of the plainest cake, but bringing all my little scientific knowledge to bear upon it, I produce a light, nutritious compound, and many of my friends are kind enough to say that my plain cake always tastes better than their pound cake.

What! shall I fritter away the time God has given me for higher purposes, in preparing for the healthy, hearty stomachs around me, indigestible messes from which half our domestic unhappiness springs?

Not till housekeepers learn to be more simple in their tastes, to cook thoroughly, to understand the hygiene of living, to think more of the soul than the stomach, more of the morals of the little ones than of fine, outside show, to give at least to children only such food as makes bone, and blood, and muscle, will they deserve the honor that crowns all well-doing in every department of life.

Pretty Mary Alger married at the early age of nineteen. Her husband—a young lawyer not much over twenty, full of talent and ambition—was what is called a rising man.

Mary was beautiful, but with a will and a way of her own. Both she and her husband were quick tempered. When they married I pitied the girl, she looked so pretty and so contented; pitied her not because of her youth, but because she had been brought up by a mother who did not know the meaning of the word system. It was with a pang that I sometimes heard high voices when I visited the pretty new cottage, so neatly furnished, and saw evidences of careless living.

Time went on. The singing voices of little children sounded in the garden and the house, but the young husband had taken to going to the hotel and the club-room. There was a rumor of quarrels, and Mary seldom went out or joined her neighbors.

One day an accident happened to her little boy, and I was sent for. Alas! mismanagement was palpable to the dullest sense. Things were untidy; Mary was sick and discouraged. Was this girl formerly the belle of the village, the sweetest singer, the merriest sprite of all the young people?

She burst into tears as I bandaged the head of the screaming child, and sobbed that she wished herself dead, wished they were all dead together.

This was terrible. I talked with her for an hour. That night I sent for her husband, and, using the privilege of age, I fancy he never heard so many home truths in the course of his life. He left me a wiser and humbler man, perhaps; at all events with promises of amendment.

Next day I sent my oldest daughter over to Mary's home. Poor Mary was making an effort to heed the advice I had given her yesterday. She had dressed herself neatly, and seemed willing to do everything that was suggested for the bettering of household services.

"It did seem as if things went wrong on purpose," she said to Mary, "but she meant to try." And she did try with all her might.

Her husband seeing a change in the aspect of home, changed also. Mary soon learned to see what was for her interest. Instead of the worst, the best was used in daily service. The pretty things that had been packed away for fear they would be broken, were brought out again, and made to add to the embellishments of home. She even found time to open the long-neglected piano, and practice her old songs.

"Why, Mary," her husband exclaimed, in sheer astonishment, when he came in one evening and she was singing one of his special favorites, "I didn't know as I should ever hear you sing again," and he sat down to the enjoyment, thoroughly delighted, for few voices I have ever heard, held the exquisite sweetness that Mary's lightest tones possessed.

For two or three months I gave all my spare time to Mary, because I saw she was willing to learn. She often said to me:

"Why, I don't work half as hard as I did before, and yet it seems as if there was more done."

And there was, but system lightened toil.

The lawyer, now a man of eminence, never goes to the club, even though he has a house full of children, and they make plenty of noise. But the noise is under regulation, as well as the work, and a more delightful evening cannot well be spent than I have passed in Mary's orderly home, where they all sing, even the two-year old prattler, and the open piano has become an institution that they would not know how to be without.

Mary says that she had never dreamed that method and forethought could make such a difference, and that every child she has shall be trained to systematize labor, so that they may never suffer as she did.

"And, I believe," she once added, "that disorderly households create more unhappiness than absolute wrong doing."

ANECDOTES OF CROCKETT.—Col. David Crockett, remembered for his often-quoted saying, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," was a backwoodsman until he was thirty-five years of age, when he first visited Nashville. He could neither read nor write until the age of eighteen, his life having been passed in hunting and on a frontier farm. But he had a vigorous intellect and good sense, and the settlers in the backwoods of Tennessee looked up to him as a natural leader.

During these early days there was but little law and less government in the south-west. But the settlers organized for mutual protection, and elected Crockett a magistrate. He filled the position with such vigor and impartiality as to satisfy the people. "Although my warrants for arrest," he says, "were never written, my word was enough, and the offender was taken, dead or alive, nor were my judgments ever appealed from, but stuck like wax."

In 1821, he was elected to the State legislature, and, going to Nashville for the first time, met Col., afterwards President Polk. "I suppose, Col. Crockett," said Col. Polk, when one day in company, "the legislature will make a change in the judiciary." "I suppose so," replied Crockett, getting out of the way as soon as possible. "For," he says, in explanation of his retreat, "at that time I really did not know what the judiciary was.

But his naturally strong intellect and habits of observation soon formed the backwoodsman into a serviceable legislator. His constituents re-elected him, and then sent him for three consecutive terms to Congress.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE result is more apparent now than probably it ever has been since we came to these mountains. It is this: that the men and women who have lived according to the precepts and requirements of the gospel are in a better condition to withstand the assaults of our enemies than those who have pursued a contrary course. Thousands of discourses have been preached and published to the people setting forth this great truth. Probably no subject has been so much dwelt upon by the Elders. If the people have not understood it, it has been because human thought and language could not be made impressive enough to reach them. But present events should impress this great truth on the minds of the Latter-day Saints more indelibly than any mere words can possibly do. They have before them to-day the illustration of this truth. Do you know any men or women whose lives have been pure, who have obeyed the requirements of the gospel, who have made the Holy Spirit their guide, who to-day are trembling, faint-hearted and ready to yield to the demands of the enemies of God's kingdom? We do not believe there is such a person in the Church. But those who have lived in this manner are strong in the Lord, full of courage, full of hope, full of confidence, and determined to press forward in the performance of their duties. Those who have committed sin—and especially sexual sins—now feel the need of that strength, of that light and power which their conduct has to some extent deprived them of.

And yet with all these examples before us (and the history of the men of our Church is full of similar illustrations) men and women to-day indulge in acts which will most assuredly bring upon them the most terrible consequences.

We are told that among young people there is a growing tendency to indulge in vice of the most damning character, and questions are asked as to how this can be stopped. The time will come when such conduct will not be permitted among the people of God. But at present the wicked have power and bear rule. Men who sympathize with corruption and who would be glad to see our young people become immoral, execute the laws and have control in the courts of the Territory. Our only power as a people is the power of moral suasion. We can withdraw our fellowship from the wicked. We can sever them from our Church; but beyond this we cannot go. However vile their conduct may be we can inflict no physical punishment. Under such circumstances the people are left to choose whom they will serve, and the greatest possible care ought to be taken by parents and others who have charge of the young to fortify them against the allurements which abound in society.

We think it is well for us that the Lord has blessed us in organizing our Sunday schools. What would our condition be to-day if it were not for the Sunday school organization and the organization of the improvement associations and other societies in our midst? And yet, with all these, vice seeks to corrupt and to lead astray, and its advocates are, to some extent, successful. Like wolves which are ever ready to devour sheep, they get into their power some of the flock and make them their prey.

If we could speak in thunder tones we would say to the young of both sexes, and in fact to all, avoid every lustful thought, every lustful action, all sins of this character; for just as sure as they are committed they bring a blight upon the soul. The spirit of God will not dwell with such people. Sooner or later they will apostatize, unless they repent with deep and heartfelt repentance, and even then they never can recover their lost ground. There will always be a weakness about such characters. But the pure man, the pure woman, those who have obeyed the laws of God and have maintained their virtue and purity, they are strong through the strength of the Lord and the power of the Holy Ghost.

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes, I'll wear them; not before." And he stood up to be married without another thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for, he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money saved from his wages, he bought a couple of acres of timber-land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

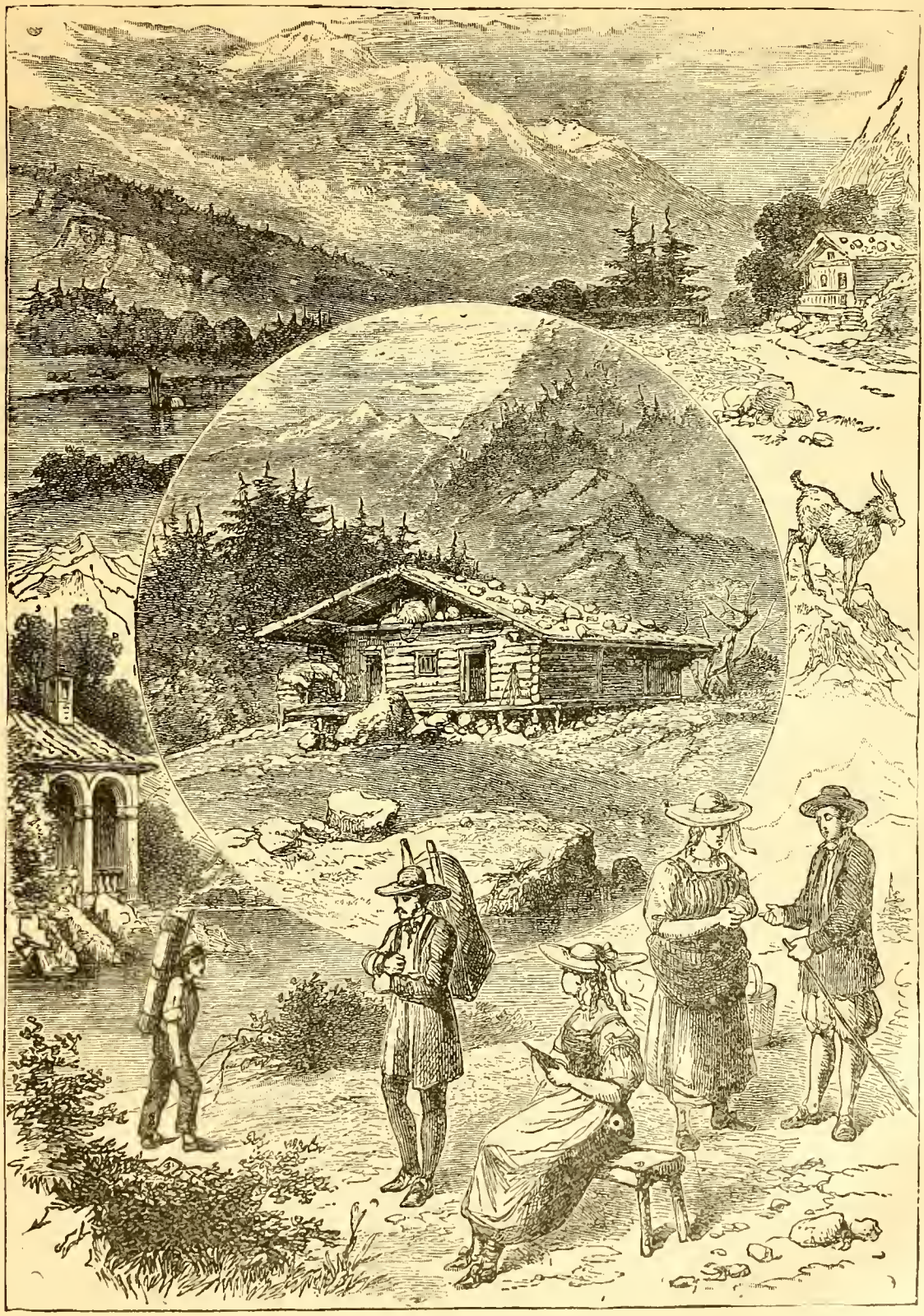
His sheep increased; as time passed, he bought more; then sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising horses, cattle, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson, having once found out that sheep-raising in this district brought a handsome profit, stuck to sheep-raising. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and dogged persistence in following it, which are the surest elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the Eastern markets soon found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest, and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fall; the end of which course is that the man who was married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout, able-bodied men who crowd the cities this Summer, complaining that they must starve for want of work.

PATIENCE doth conquer by out-suffering all.



SWITZERLAND. (*See page* 250.)

SWITZERLAND.

IN about the middle of western Europe, with France on the west, Germany on the north, Austria on the east and Italy on the south, lies the small Swiss republic—a country of which, doubtless, most of our readers have heard as being the home of a brave and freedom-loving people and a region whose natural scenery is unsurpassed in grandeur by that of any other place on the earth. This little spot, although its greatest length is but one hundred and eighty miles, and its width but one hundred and thirty miles, and is also the most mountainous country of Europe, contains a population of nearly three million souls.

The history of this country and its inhabitants can be traced but little back of the time of the Savior, and even what is known of those early times has been learned from the writings of Roman historians. We find that a race of people called Helvetians lived in the north-western part of this land, while in the south-east dwelt the Rhætians. These tribes frequently engaged in war with each other as well as with the other tribes who dwelt near them. Even as early as the year 107 B. C. a branch of the Helvetian tribe, led by a young but brave and skillful general Divico, marched into Gaul (the present France) and completely routed the Roman army under Cassius. This victory seeming to gratify, for the time being, their desire for adventure, they returned again to their homes, where they followed peaceable pursuits for upwards of forty years. In the year 60 B. C. the people becoming again restless prepared to emigrate to Gaul, and after getting everything in readiness burned twelve cities and four hundred villages, so that none of the more than three hundred thousand persons composing their party might desire to return. With shouts of joy the march was commenced, and no thought of failure in the success of the undertaking entered the minds of the wanderers; but before they had passed the borders of their own land Julius Cæsar with his army began to oppose them, and in June of 58 B. C., succeeded in gaining a complete victory over them. He then forced them to return and rebuild their old homes, and consider themselves henceforth subject to Rome.

It would form too long a chapter to trace the history of this little country through all the troubles brought upon it by avaricious tribes or rulers who vainly sought to conquer and bring in complete subjection to them the heroic people dwelling here. True there was a time, about the beginning of the fourteenth century when some of the Swiss suffered under the galling yoke of bondage placed upon their necks by the Austrian rulers; when tyrants exercised power to the great sorrow and humiliation of the people; but a change came after a severe struggle. A solemn league was formed on the Ruetli meadow, and among the brave men who there swore to defend their families and homes, and maintain their rights is said to have been one William Tell, whose name is known and held in grateful remembrance by every Swiss. He it was, according to the word of some historians, who killed Gessler, and thus freed his country from the rule of an unprincipled and cruel tyrant, and thereby struck the first successful blow in the struggle which resulted in the freeing of his countrymen from bondage.

Later the people were again threatened with bondage at the hands of the Austrians, but they bravely resisted every encroachment, and in the battles of Naefels and Sempach so thoroughly routed their enemies that peace was soon sought by the aggressors. This latter battle has been made famous by the heroic act of one man. The Swiss, numbering about fifteen hundred, and but poorly armed with clubs, short spears and forks, were attacked by four thousand Austrian soldiers encased in steel and provided with the best of weapons. These presented to their fearless opponents an unbroken line of spears against which the hardy Swiss unavailingly threw themselves. Already were sixty of the latter weltering in their blood and not one of the former was injured, when the extremities of the line began to move around to encircle and so annihilate the little band of battling patriots. At this moment the hero Arnold von Winkelried stepped from the ranks of his countrymen and shouting, "Countrymen, I will make a pass for you; care for my wife and children," gathered an armful of spears in his embrace and fell dying to the ground. Through this opening the Swiss fled dealing death and destruction on every hand with the short weapons which they could now use to advantage. The day was won by the oppressed.

As early as the year 1352 eight cantons of Switzerland entered into a solemn perpetual compact to assist each other in any difficulties which might arise with a foreign power, and to maintain their rights and freedom even at the cost of their lives should it be necessary. This was the foundation of the Swiss confederation, which has passed through many changes during the centuries which have since elapsed until it gained the proud position it now occupies. And indeed it is a marvel how this little republic has continued its independence during all the troubles in which the powerful nations surrounding it have been engaged.

The inhabitants of Switzerland are a hardy, industrious, brave and hospitable people whose principal occupations are tilling the soil and stock-raising. In the forests, which are said to cover about one-sixth of the entire surface, many persons find employment in cutting wood, both for fuel and building, there being no good coal in the country. Dairy products bring, however, the greatest revenue to the people, the value of which is estimated to be about ten million dollars annually. The number of horned stock is estimated at one million, one-fourth of which is composed of milch cows. During the Summer the cattle are driven into the mountains, where they are tended by herdsmen who live in rude huts, like the one represented in the middle of our engraving. These are called *chalets*, and it is indeed agreeable for a tourist to come to such a place while traveling in the mountains, and receive from the liberal keeper a good supply of sweet cream or milk. The yield of the cows while at pasture in the mountains is here converted into cheese and butter which in the Fall and Winter are sold to advantage. Many people who cannot afford to keep a cow have a goat, which is kept with profit.

In the western part of Switzerland the vine is cultivated quite extensively from the fruit of which an excellent quality of wine is manufactured, while in the eastern part orchards are numerous, the fruit of which is made into cider and what is called *kirschwasser*, a liquor used a great deal by the people.

Of manufactures Switzerland also yields its portion. Watches are made in great abundance; and jewelry, silks, cottons, linens, hosiery, leather and paper are also manufactured and exported in considerable quantities.

Many of the customs of the Swiss are very peculiar. Their costumes, some of which are shown at the bottom of the engraving, differ in some particular in each of the twenty-two cantons. Their dialects, too, are very numerous, and to a person accustomed only to the pure German are just as unintelligible for a time as would be the English language.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(*Continued from page* 238.)

HAVING added, by the aid of God, in the neighborhood of one hundred Maoris to the Church and organized two branches in the Wairarapa, we moved to the north into new fields. Our visit to these parts was first suggested in this manner: During one of the sessions of the Maori Land Court, which sat at Greytown, Wairarapa, it was our good fortune to meet a very influential chief from Hawkes Bay on the east coast of New Zealand. He having learned of us and our mode of traveling, to preach the gospel, was moved upon by some unknown influence to send us £1, ($5.00) and his love before we met him. Subsequently the gospel was preached to him and Tomoana, a member of the New Zealand parliament, by us through an interpreter. On their return to Hawkes Bay they extended to us a cordial invitation to visit them at their homes and disseminate the tenets of our religion among their tribes.

After this months passed and we heard no word from these influential men, when at length a letter came from Otene Meihana, a chief whom we had met and to whom we had preached the truth. In his letter he wished to know where the "Mormon" ministers were. Afterwards he telegraphed for us to come at once to Hawkes Bay as many of the Maoris were anxiously awaiting our arrival at that place.

On April 11, 1884, having been provided by the Saints of the Wairarapa with a horse, saddle, haver-sack, swag covered with oil cloth, leggins and money to pay our way, as well as a letter of introduction from the influential chiefs of the Wairarapa, we left Masterton and after traveling five days arrived at our destination. Our letters of introduction secured for us ample food, lodging and horse feed on the road.

On arriving at Tomoana where a large number of chiefs of Hawkes Bay were assembled to transact business of a political nature, we were cordially welcomed by Otene Meihana and Tomoana. Our arrival created some excitement and curiosity in the minds of the natives. Consequently our labors immediately commenced. After residing for two weeks in Tomoana's fine residence we removed to Otene's home where we received the kindest attention. On April 20, we preached for the first time to the people in the Maori language. In so doing we felt full and enjoyed much of the Spirit of God.

The natives present informed us that an influence, unknown to them, rested powerfully upon them. The following Sunday, previous arrangements having been made, Otene Meihana was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. While our hands were on his head a vision appeared before his mind's eye, in which a panorama of the nations and countries of the whole earth was portrayed. He said in this vision the people were one in love and charity and had one Lord, one faith and one baptism. He could see his wives, for he had two, and children afar off, thus showing the gulf between those in the fold of Christ and those out of it. Immediately after our hands were removed from his head he burst into tears and his family all wept with him. Thus a proud chief self-willed and determined, of a warlike nation was humbled as a babe by the Spirit of God.

On Sunday, May 5, thirteen natives, having made arrangements to embrace the truth and the news of the same being extended to the neighboring settlements, a large number of natives assembled at Teonoke, our headquarters at Hawkes Bay. The converts were told to prepare for baptism. I retired to the tent, made myself ready and walked toward the river's edge. As I turned, my eyes beheld a most beautiful, though peculiar spectacle—thirteen natives, six men and seven women, wending their way out from the green foliage of the trees. The males had only a white sheet fastened around their waists by means of a belt. The women were clad in white. The contrast between their black heads and brown skins and the pure white clothing was very striking. This, in connection with the pleasantness of the day, the calm surface of the river, the beautiful green appearance of nature's verdure made the scene very impressive. It seemed as if the mellow-throated songsters ceased their warbling in solemn reverence for the occasion. Immediately on the brow of the hill were about forty dusky natives, sitting and reclining in various positions, gazing with wonder upon the scene.

The natives having reached the spot of entrance into the river Brother Hinckley offered a few words of prayer, when I led the way into the water followed by one of the natives. After the thirteen were immersed the time until dinner was utilized by the Maoris in commenting upon what had taken place.

At 2 p. m. the ringing of a bell announced the convening of meeting. About fifty persons had assembled in a long, low, dark building. After some few remarks had been made those who had been baptized were confirmed members of the Church. This being done a number of children were blessed. To see those little ones standing in a row awaiting their blessing and name, forcibly reminded me of the circumstance and saying of Jesus, when He said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The sacredness and importance of purely partaking of the Lord's supper having been explained, the same was administered.

By performing the ordinances of baptism, confirmation, blessing children and the administration of the sacrament, a great sermon was preached to those who had not received the truth. It was plain to their understanding that these ordinances were in conformity with the doctrines of the Bible. The day was one of great rejoicing and God was praised for the opportunity of administering the ordinance of the gospel to so many under such pleasant circumstances and influence.

Brother Otene Meihana was very ambitious in the work, having an ardent desire to bring all his race into the truth, and through his labors the word of God was carried to many persons.

(*To be Continued.*)

TIME—The seven days is by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge. It was used by the brahmins in India, with the same denomination used by us, and was alike found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all successive generations; a proof of the common origin of mankind. The division of the year into months, etc., is very old, and almost universal, but not so ancient or uniform as the seven days, or week.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XIII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

THERE was a well-to do free citizen on the rock, a former acquaintance of my childhood, and a great friend of my father when he lived on the stronghold of Gibraltar, whose name was Gilchrist. He was a Methodist, and I had taken considerable pains to inform him concerning our doctrines and had furnished him with a Book of Mormon, Voice of Warning and other books and tracts. He became convinced that sprinkling children was only man's theory and not consistent with Bible doctrine, as Jesus and the disciples taught the people to first believe and repent and then be baptized, not to be baptized and afterwards believe and repent. Mr. Gilchrist acknowledged that I taught the truth, yet he turned me away from his house and was, therefore, more culpable.

At his own request I went to his house one day and taught him for two hours, the principles of the gospel. During this time he was called twice to dinner, but he did not go himself, nor did he ask me to partake of a meal, although he was well aware of the meagre diet to which I was compelled to accustom myself.

It appeared to me that he was convinced of the truth of the message that I bore, but was not sufficiently honest to receive it. Finally, as I was leaving him, he offered me fifty cents, saying at the same time that it was not to help me in spreading the imposture, but for my personal use. I told him that I was preaching without purse or scrip, but was unwilling to receive gifts only in the name of a disciple. I returned not again to that house.

At the same time that I was teaching Mr. Gilchrist I was laboring with a soldier named Thomas McDonald, and though he received no more instruction than the former, he accepted the truth and was baptized. One night, he said, after he had retired to rest, he had a dream and a messenger whose hair was nearly white, appeared to him. This searcher after truth then asked his visitor about the Book of Mormon, as they had been talking about that record. It was opened and the messenger simply said, "How plain it is, is it not?"

In the dream he also saw me tired and weary, but hard at work digging the ground. He touched me and asked what I was doing, when I replied that I intended to sow seed and if possible reap a harvest of souls.

This man was the means of bringing several other soldiers of his regiment into the Church.

There was a painful incident came under my observation about this time that I will here just mention: One day I had as usual a parcel of books in my arm and was visiting and teaching wherever I could meet anyone who would listen to my remarks. I called at a shoe shop in the southern part of the rock where I found six men engaged at shoe making. After telling them the object of my visit and giving them some tracts I opened the book of Doctrine and Covenants where it speaks of the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and read this aloud to the workmen. As I finished reading everything was for a moment as still as death everyone present having ceased to work. In a moment one of the six broke out in an ungovernable rage, saying, "Joe Smith was served just right and ought to have been killed long before he was."

My reasoning with him only served to enrage him more, and his closing remark to me was, "Joe Smith ought to have been cut up into mince-meat."

I gathered up my books and said to him that he was guilty of shedding innocent blood inasmuch as he consented to it in his heart, for which cause the wrath of God would rest upon him, and he should feel His power to the consuming of his body, and that too, in a very short time. He would then know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and that I was a servant of the Almighty.

On the following day he with the others came to his work as usual, but he had not been there long before he began vomiting blood, and before he could be carried to the hospital he was dead. Just before dying he said to his fellow-workmen, "I wrongfully abused that man yesterday."

Thus did the judgment of God speedily follow him.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE excitement concerning the half masting of the flags on the 4th of July has had a remarkable termination. Governor Murray is credited, and I suppose correctly, with having made use of this placing of the flags at half mast by some of our people, as a ground to accuse us of intending to repeat this act in a more offensive form on Pioneer day. His object in this, doubtless, was to injure us in the eyes of the Administration and to obtain some advantages to himself, especially the authority to use the troops. It is stated that General Howard, who commands this military department, sent to the President dispatches which sustained the statements made by Murry.

President Cleveland is reported as having, in reply, placed all the troops under Howard's control to be held in readiness to suppress any outbreak on the part of the "Mormon" people of this Territory on the 24th of July. It is supposed that Murray, when Howard was here, made him believe that there was danger of an outbreak on Pioneer day. The alleged cause that was to lead to the outbreak would be the attempt by the "Mormons" to place the flags at half mast on the 24th and the wearing by their children, who were to take part in the singing in this city in the large tabernacle, of black rosettes on their breasts. Grand army organizations had met and profered their services to come here on the 24th and to punish any attempt on the part of the "Mormon" people to either wear black rosettes or to put the flag at half mast. They were determined, it seems, that we should not do this even if we wished to.

At no time and by no person who had any authority to act was it intended either to wear black rosettes or to have the flag at half mast. There was no earthly reason why the Latter-day Saints should do either upon the 24th. It was not a day dedicated to liberty, and therefore it was not necessary that we should express our mourning in that manner. Pioneer day is a day that we can commemorate because of the memories associated therewith, which to us are of a pleasant character; for it was on that day that the pioneers reached a land which God had selected and designated as a place of gathering for His people in these mountain regions. But the

attempt of our enemies to raise trouble in this manner shows to what straits they are reduced to make a case against the Saints.

Now, mark what followed. The very acts for which we were to be punished, if performed by us, our enemies themselves, in the providence of the Almighty, have had to perform. That which Murray and others would have the troops ordered to prevent us from doing they themselves have had to do, and that, too, under his own proclamation. General U. S. Grant, the great hero of the Civil war, the victorious general, who had filled the office of Chief Magistrate for eight years, died on the morning of the 23rd. Upon receipt of the news the governor of the Territory issued a proclamation requesting all citizens to place their flags at half mast. The grand army of the republic, also, I understand, made an order that its members should wear a black rosette on their breasts in token of mourning! I suppose they little thought, when they threatened us as they did, that they would by their own arrangement, have to do the same thing they so objected to our doing.

I look upon this as a remarkable providence, and think that those people ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves for the absurd position in which they are placed. They ought to see that the trap they prepared for us they walked into.

This proceeding reminds me very much of the charge that was made against the Prophet Joseph in early life. He was charged with having been a "money digger." It seemed to be a terribly wicked thing for a man to be a "money digger;" at least one would judge so by the manner in which they used this charge against the prophet, making it very opprobrious to have ever engaged in such business.

Within five years after his death hundreds of clergymen left their pulpits, hundreds of lawyers left their offices, and leading men from all parts of the Union deserted their pursuits and homes to travel their weary way across the continent to California in search of gold. It suddenly became one of the most honorable callings in the land to be a gold digger. From that day to this no enemy has ever expressed himself against Joseph as a "money digger." And so it has been from the beginning. It has seemed as though in many instances that might be mentioned the Lord has permitted circumstances to take such shape that our enemies have done the very acts that they have blamed us for doing. They have seemingly followed in our wake, trod in our footsteps, and if they had had a wish to imitate us they could not have copied more closely after us than they have done.

At the present time several of the leading men of our community are compelled, in order to escape the vile treatment which their enemies would inflict upon them, to keep out of public sight. They have to conceal themselves from the officers; for if they could get hold of them it would give them great delight to inflict every indignity possible upon them and to put them in prison regardless of any evidence that might be in their favor. It is a foregone conclusion that they must go to the penitentiary however innocent they may be. If that had not been the case the prosecution would not have had them indicted upon the flimsy evidence that was presented before the grand jury.

It is very pertinent at the present time to inquire how long it will be before the leading men of this nation will find themselves in a similar position. It would not surprise me if they will yet have to hide; not so much because of their innocence, perhaps, as for other causes, to escape the violence of their enemies. Most assuredly men in power who permit such persecution as has been carried on in Utah, Idaho and Arizona involve a nation in a serious dilemma. By permitting this condition of affairs to prevail they virtually approve of all that is being done and are directly responsible therefore, and they will have to pay the penalty for such a failure to maintain justice and right.

I HAVE understood that some, especially our enemies, have expressed the opinion that they would respect the First Presidency much more if they would come to the front and give themselves up. Perhaps there may be some who call themselves members of the Church who have had this feeling; but if there are they stand, in my estimation, precisely in the same position that the men did who by their whining and persuasions induced the Prophet Joseph to return to Nauvoo after he had made his preparations to leave for the West. That surrender on his part led to his and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith's massacre.

We have an exhibition at the present time as to what the fate of the First Presidency would be if their enemies could get them in their power. Angus M. Cannon and Amos Milton Musser were indicted and convicted of unlawful cohabitation with their wives by such juries as the present prosecution impaneled to secure conviction. They were sentenced to pay a fine of $300 each and to imprisonment in the penitentiary for six months. What do we now hear? While these brethren are yet in prison subpœnas are served upon their families to appear before the grand jury in October next. It is announced that it is the intention to procure evidence to indict them again for the same offense, and in this way to keep them another six months in prison. By this action our enemies hope to strike terror into the hearts of the people and to wreak vengence upon men who happen to be the most prominent they have now in charge. What do you think would be the fate of the First Presidency in the hands of such inhuman creatures? In view of the fiendish malice exhibited in this proposed proceeding towards these two brethren everyone can answer for himself. Truly it has been said by one of old that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The Lord deliver us as a people from such monsters and their power! This earth would be made a hell if such men had their way. They would destroy every virtuous man and woman and obliterate every principle of liberty from the face of the earth. And, not only this, they would punish men for the free expression of their opinions.

Angus M. Cannon and Amos Milton Musser gave offense by their outspoken sentiments at the time of their trial. This of itself is sufficient in their enemies' estimation to merit punishment. They must not only be wronged and outraged, but they must hold their tongues, and while being treated in this manner, look pleasantly and smile, and if they utter any expression have it one of satisfaction for the treatment they receive. This is the whole secret of the anger exhibited about the placing of the flag at half mast on the 4th. We must not mourn even though every liberty be trampled down, even though free men be put in prison.

Must we, as a free people, submit to such conduct and not protest against it? If we did we would be unworthy of our origin, we would be unworthy of our surroundings, we would be unworthy of our posterity.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.

AN ELDER'S EXPERIENCE.

The following communication will doubtless prove of interest to all our readers, and we therefore give it in full:

Horse Creek, N. C.
July, 24, 1885.

Editor of Juvenile Instructor:

Perhaps a short sketch of my missionary experience will be acceptable to you. I am happy to say that I am a Utah born and raised boy, brought up in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for which I feel to thank God. I always had an idea that the Saints were a blessed people, but, could never have realized to what extent had it not been for being favored to come upon this mission to proclaim the gospel message to the inhabitants of the earth.

I left my home in Kanosh on the 8th of May, 1883, and came direct to Chattanooga, Tenn., and was there assigned to labor in the North Carolina conference. I traveled with Elders W. H. White and E. G. Farmer the first year, during which time we had no persecution and but very little success.

On the first of April, 1884, Elder W. F. Garner joined me as traveling companion, and we immediately launched out into a new field where "Mormons" had never been seen. Our first trip was on Horse Creek. One night we held a meeting and after services were over all the people, (who evidently had come out more for curiosity than anything else) began to scatter, leaving us in the house alone. While we were thinking of making the benches our place of repose; a generous-hearted lady stepped in the house and said, "Well, if nobody else is going to take you home, come with me."

After much labor we succeeded in making friends among the people, although we were constantly opposed by a Campbellite minister who followed us from place to place trying to refute the doctrines we taught, but his efforts were vain; the more he opposed us the faster the gospel spread, so that we now have a branch of the Church and Sabbath school here, with twenty-eight baptisms (all grown people) and twenty blessings recorded on the Church record.

Seeing how the gospel was being received by the people Satan began to reinforce his army, and the house where we were sleeping one night was saluted by a discharge of guns and pistols. This not having the desired effect, we were subsequently met on the Sabbath day by twenty-two intoxicated "Christians," who ordered us to leave the country or suffer death.

Two months later Brother Garner and I were aroused from our bed of slumber about midnight by an officer and posse of men, who arrested us on a charge of "Preaching, teaching and promulgating the doctrine of polygamy."

We were taken the same hour of the night to a small railroad town five miles distant where we were kept until morning. A dispatch was then sent to J. M. Dimmerley, a pettifogger of Elizabethton, who had sworn out the warrant against us. He immediately came upon the train, bringing with him a magistrate to try us. At 2 p. m. an examination was held. We had been so closely confined by the officer who had us in charge, that we could not get out after witnesses, bondsmen or anything else, so we urged that we were not ready for trial. After the magistrate and prosecutor had tried to force us into trial but could not succeed, we were required to give a thousand dollar bond for our appearance four days later. It so happened that a number of our friends who own good farms, worth much more than the bond required, were present, and very readily offered to go our security, but they were refused by the officers. Our only alternative, therefore, was to go to jail, and thus fulfill a prediction which was uttered upon the head of Elder Garner by a Patriarch of the Church in October, 1871. In the copy of this blessing was the following sentence: "Thou shalt be called to preach this gospel to nations, kindreds, tongues and people, and shall be cast into prison."

We tried in every way to avoid prison, but all in vain, a prophet of God had said, "Thou shalt be cast into prison," and our enemies were determined to fulfill it, not knowing what they were doing. So we were put aboard the train and taken to Elizabethton, county seat for Carter, Tenn., on the 15th of May, and put in an iron cage ten feet square with two other men, one of whom was confined for murder. Neither one of these prisoners were professors of Christianity and were somewhat rough in their speech; but before we were liberated they threw their cards away, took the Bible and tracts as a substitute, and instead of profaning the name of God, were pleased to kneel with us in prayer. I became much attached to them as they acted the part of gentlemen in every respect.

Much honor and respect is due to the jailor, Mr. Wm. Carriger and family, who treated us in the kindest possible manner. We had three meals each day of good food prepared in as nice and clean a manner as at a hotel, even though prisoners are only supposed to receive two meals per day.

Before the time came for us to have our hearing in the presence of the justice of the peace, Brother Morgan arrived from Chattanooga and the preliminary examination was waived, so we were compelled to remain in jail until a thousand dollar bond was given for our appearance at the July term of court. This required six days from the time incarcerated.

We came back here to our field of labor and went on with our preaching and baptizing, until the 13th of this month when we went to court. Witnesses against us went before the grand jury and as they had never heard Elder Garner speak on a religious subject he was released. An indictment was found against me, and I was released under a five hundred dollar bond for my appearance at next November term of court.

We returned to our field of labor immediately and are now meeting more friends than ever before, and the Saints are stronger in the faith, as they see the prophecies of Joseph Smith as well as those of Christ literally fulfilled.

July the 29th: Our number is still on the increase. Since starting this letter we have baptized eleven more adults and blessed a number of children.

Praying for the spread of truth I remain,

Your Brother in the gospel,
C. F. Christensen.

Conduct in Misfortunes.—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have nothing wherewith to reproach thyself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends and kindred, live, to bless and protect them. If you hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

THE CHILDREN ARE PRAYING FOR ME.

WORDS BY MOSES THATCHER. MUSIC BY JAMES S. HANCEY.

With a swinging movement. *mf*

1 At home or a - broad, or while climbing the steep; On land, or when rocked in the treacherous deep; When
2 A her - ald of truth among strangers I roam, When absent, in mem'ry held sacred at home; By
3 Old hopes may be buried, but new ones appear, Tho' the steep path of du - ty be thorny and drear; Let

pampered with plenty, or smitten with woe; Whether praised by a friend, or despised by a foe; E -
oth - ers, if slighted, neg - lect - ed, for - got, By brothers or sisters remembered or not, In
storms beat a - round me pro - tect - ed I tread, For the an - gel of peace tells me onward I'm led; Let the

p

lat - ed with hope or oppressed with dark dread; When burdened with joy, or when pleasure hath fled; In the
sunshine or shower, in darkness or light, I must bat - tle a - long with un - wav - er - ing might; The
mission of life un - dis - hon - ored be through: At the sun - set of time the sweet evening is due, When the

sunlight of truth from all shadows set free, I'm happy—the children are praying for me.
mf bod - y may faint, but my spir - it is free, For in - no - cent children are praying for me.
heart shall stop beating and life cease to be, U - nit - ed, the children are praying for me.

CHORUS: for me, for me;

The children are praying, are praying for me, The children are pray - ing, are praying for me; In the

Rit

sunlight of truth, from all shadows set free, I'm happy, the children are pray - ing for me.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
  For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
  Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
  And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
  Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
  Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
  Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
  Leave, one by one, thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
  Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
  Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die:
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
  Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
  Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
  Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall He welcome thee when thou shalt stand
  On His bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
  Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet!
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
  Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
  Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
  Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
  A gentle rustling of the morning gales?
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
  Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
  More musical in that celestial air?

W. C. BRYANT.

MOTHER BEYMER'S DIVIDENDS.

THERE died, recently, in a Western city, an old woman, known as Mother Beymer. She was a thrifty, hard-working Scotchwoman, with just enough education to carry on a green grocery successfully.

She never had any children of her own, but in her long life, had adopted one after the other, sixteen little orphans, who otherwise would have died, or dragged out miserable or vicious lives.

She took some of them when they were babies, nursed, fed, clothed and worked for them precisely as if God had given them to herself. Very few of the townspeople, indeed, knew that they were not her own.

Some of the girls married; others have trades; two of her boys were killed in the war; three are thriving farmers; two became ministers of the gospel; but, without an exception, all have led honest, useful lives.

Mother Beymer's shop was the largest in the town, and she worked early and late.

"You ought to be laying by money," a neighbor said to her once.

"My money's all invested," she said. "It's bringing in good dividends."

When she died, her children mourned for her with a gratitude which they would hardly have felt for a real mother.

Close beside the place, where she was buried, a rich man, who had "laid by" much money, was laid; but of all his wealth, only the ponderous marble monument remained which held him down.

But by the poor Scotchwoman's grave stood the living men and women whom she had saved from ruin, and sent out into the world as its helpers and teachers. Money invested in this way will "pay dividends" forever.

CHARADE.

BY MARY.

My first in Jerusalem, you cannot deny,
Stands forth at the entrance, all things to defy;
My second in honor and hope will be found;
And my third may be sought in the depth of the ground;
My fourth is in oceans as well as on lands;
In each State and Territory my fifth always stands;
My sixth in the heavens takes a prominent part,
And rests in the center of each person's heart;
My seventh, I'm sure, you cannot but spy,
For it's ever before you in reach of your eye;
My eighth is a right-angle, my ninth is round;
And my last in the first may always be found;
My whole, if arranged to agree with my plan,
Spells the name of a prominent, God-fearing man.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 14 is HEARTH. Correct solutions have been received from Frank Pickering, Payson; G. Raymond, Kaysville; Ethel Farr, John V. Bluth, Ogden; George B. Mattson, Jr., Springville; Charles Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; J. W. Booth, Alpine; B. J. Beer, Annie Backman, Brigham A. Seare, Carl Bassett, Salt Lake City.

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